

THE EIGHTPINTS





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Sort Of Near The Beginning...

There was The Cycle of Perpetuality. The land would be wholesome, happy and glad. People would cheer and dance in the streets. They would get rich off the land and harvest great hoards of food and treasure. This was The Good Times. The Titans of Perpetuality, awoken by the thumping drums of too much revelry, would awaken, to join in "the dance". They would lay siege to the land and its peoples, eating the harvest and collecting the treasures. These were known as The Bad Times. The Titans of Perpetuality would get rich off the harvest of the people, and the people would suffer.

Then, a leader would arise, a leader who would gather together a warband of noble and ignoble attributes, who would wage war on the Titans of Perpetuality. The Titans of Perpetuality would fight, but succumb to the leader and their warband. The Titans would recede into the places from which they had awoken, and slumber again. The people would then regroup, rebuild, and the Cycle towards The Good Times would begin again.

This happened for centuries. Millennia.

Then...

Some MF went and lost his Rhames-Damed dog. Aww shizz.

So began a quest so vile, so rank and smelling of whizz, that the whole universe collapsed in

on itself, both the past and future becoming one, then separating again like the cosmic-scale parents of a dwarf sun during a particularly bad divorce. Lawyers, eh.

A literate rat, a Lord of Somefaceplacename, docks, woods, and a giant plot to rewrite the future before it happened, happened. Something about a Frakk Drill that never made the light of day. Some shizz about a plague of some colour, shape or form.

The people did not celebrate. The Titans of Perpetuality did not awaken. They slumbered through many, many cycles, and the world descended into a descent of some form of metaphorical steepness. The Titans of Perpetuality slept, but their bellies grew hungry as they lay. One day, a rumble in the belly of a Titan was so loud it caused an avalanche in the Hountains, and awakened its Titan of Perpetuality. Just one. One big enough to rip a hole straight through the side of the mountain it was sleeping in like a MF going straight through the side of a lit toaster with a sledgehammer. Sparks, MF, sparks. Maintenance bills, possibly Insurance Claims. Buildings and cities burned. People fled and took out mortgages in new neighbourhoods. The Titans of Perpetuality had awoken, and they were angry as a MF.

They scoured the land, searching for their harvest and treasure. Searching for the happy dancing people to terrorise and their bastions to lay waste to. No happiness. No dancing. Only a dog, in "Returned" format. What an airborne genital of a situation.

They learned that the Cycle of Perpetuality was over. The people were sufficient with mundanity and returned possessions. There was no bountiful harvest, and no treasure to be hoarded.





Just a dog. And a lot of whizz on a fair few trees.

The Titans of Perpetuality decided to take revenge. Like, MFkn revenge. They lay siege to city by city, region by region. The Eightpints lay in a different shape of ruin to its normal shape of ruin. People got lost on their way to work and needed to use social skills to navigate the city streets. Imagine, MF, just imagine.

And then... You. You stepped in, stepped up, and said something like, "G'day me' Landlord O'Matey. Can I order a fresh pint o' yer finest and gladdest?"

The landlord poured your pint, fresh frothy foam whispery-kiss-sliding down the slide of the tankard.

You asked something along the lines of, "How much damage?"

And he reached under the bar, grabbed something out of sight, then placed a medium-sized scroll on the bar, just next to your fresh beer as it sat there settling. He looked you square in the eye/face/eye-patch/helmet-guard and said:

"How abouts... you kills us eights of them?"

MF.
We have us
a PURPOSE





Scars Of

Near The Beginning...

MF. 4

Vol. XI The Chamuscado Glass Wastes 7

The Chamuscado Glass Wastes, aka "The Cham" 9

The Environment 9

Sunken Lenses 11

Environmental Effects 12

Chamuscado Glass Wastes:

Environmental Effects Table 12

Environment Ingredient Table: The

Chamuscado Glass Wastes 14

Cham Turkeys 15

Ol' Gaz's Guide to

Not Dying in The Cham 16

The Beasts 17

Shard Scarabs 18

Threat Index 1 - 115 Points 18

Glassen Wing Vulture 19

Threat Index 2 - 140 Points 19

Mirage Weaver 20

Threat Index 3 - 185 Points 20

Shard-Hopper 21

Threat Index 4 - 215 Points 21

Chamuscado Emboscada 22

Threat Index 5 - 260 Points 22

Sun Fused Glassback 23

Threat Index 6 - 290 Points 23

Shard-Horn Ripper 24

Threat Index 7 - 330 Points 24

Glass Furnace Mauler 25

Threat Index 8 - 360 Points 25

Sun Forged Djinn 26

Threat Index 9 - 450 Points 26

Glass-Lurk Drake 27

Threat Index 10 - 510 Points 27

Warband Skirmishing 28

The Coldest Ingredient 29

Objective 29

Board Setup 29

A Reflection of War 30

Objective 30

Board Setup 30

The Sunken Treasure of Al'Sarab 31

Objective 31

Board Setup 31

The Scouring of the Scribe 32

Objective 32

Board Setup 32

Side Quests 33

The Sun-Drunk Stone 34

Objective 34

Board Setup 34

How to Play 34

The Gilded Tear 36

Objective 36

Board Setup 36

How to Play 36

Reward 37

The Gilded Cage 38

Objective 38

Board Setup 38

How to Play 38

Reward 39

Main Quests 40

The Sunken Saint 41

Part 1 42

The Crystal Veins 42

Objective 42

Board Setup 42

How to Play 42

Part 2 43

The Saint's Tomb 43

Objective 43

Board Setup 43

How to Play 43

Reward for Completion 43

BFF: The Saint's Echo 44

The Gilded Cage 44

Part 1 44





The Traitor's Trail	46	Board Setup & Rules	54
Objective	46	How to Play	54
Board Setup	46		
How to Play	46	Rules For	
Part 2		The Sun Scorched Land	55
The Fool's Bargain	47	Titan AI & Behavior	56
Objective	47	Engagement Zones & Stats	56
Board Setup	47	Wrath Table	57
How to Play	47	Heroic Actions	58
Reward for Completion	47	Shatter the Limb	58
Pet: The Gilded Soul	48	Pry Open a Heat Vent	58
The Perpetual Reckoning	49	Create a Coolant Geyser	58
The Sun Scorched Land	49	Daemonic Challenge	58
Part 1		Items of Legend from	
The Trail of Glass	50	The Sun Scorched Land	60
Objective	50	1. The Sun Scorched Greatblade	60
Board Setup	50	2. The Shard of the Ashen-Heart	61
How to Play	51	3. The Obsidian Carapace	62
Part 2		4. The Golem's Visage	63
The Resonant Pass	52	5. The Sun Stone	64
Objective	52	6. The Ever-Burning Ember	65
Board Setup	52	Bartholomew Buttercup's Bespoke	
How to Play	53	Excursions Presents:	
Part 3		The Chamuscado Glass Wastes!	66
The Ashen Heart	54		
Objective	54		





Vol. XI The Chamuscado Glass Wastes

The Hide of The Bull

Alright, you pathetic collection of hopefuls and future corpses. Listen up, because I'm only going to say this once. You've been splashing around in The Mire, getting your boots wet and thinking you're tough because you didn't get eaten by a log. You've stomped through a forest and maybe even won a brawl in an alleyway. Bravo. You've beaten the tutorial. Now, welcome to the main event. Welcome to the high-stakes table, the VIP lounge of miserable, agonising death. Welcome to the Chamuscado Glass Wastes.

Look at it. Go on, take a good, long look. It's beautiful, ain't it? Shimmering, shining, like a sea of diamonds under that big, stupid sun. It's a work of art, a masterpiece of a magical apocalypse that flash-fried a whole jungle and melted the very sand into a mirror big enough to show you just how screwed you really are. Every single thing you see out there is a lie, a beautifully crafted sucker bet designed to take you for everything you've got, starting with your eyesight and ending with your skin. You think that shimmering pool of water on the horizon is real? That's a 100-to-1 long shot, pal. It's a Mirage Weaver, a ghost made of glass and silence, and it's waiting for a thirsty fool like you to come close enough for the kill.

Let's talk about the house rules, shall we? Rule number one: the ground is made of

knives. Simple as that. Every step you take is a gamble. Will you find a solid footing, or will you put your boot through a thin sheet of glass and spend the rest of your short, miserable life trying to walk on a stump? Odds are 50/50 on a good day. Rule number two: the sun is actively trying to kill you. It's not just the heat; it's the glare. The light bounces off a million razor-sharp edges, creating a blinding, disorienting weapon that'll have you swinging at your own shadow while a Glassen Wing Vulture circles overhead, just waiting for you to stop moving so it can drop on your head like a feathered guillotine.

And the locals? Oh, the locals are a special kind of awful. This ain't like the Mire where the monsters are just hungry. The beasts here are artists of agony. You've got the Sun Fused Glassback, a walking mountain of a tortoise that doesn't even see you as a threat, but will accidentally crush your entire warband just by turning around. You've got the Shard-Hopper, a daemonic toad covered in razor glass that teleports around the battlefield just to make sure your death is as confusing as it is painful. And then there's the big boss, the pit fiend of this glass hell, the Glass-Lurk Drake. This isn't a beast you hunt; it's a disaster that happens to you. You won't even see it coming. The ground will just shatter, and you'll be in a whirlwind of razors before you can even scream.

Think you can handle it? You think you're special? The Doku-ya Juy'ata thought they were special too. They were the original inhabitants of the jungle that got turned into this nightmare. They survived. They adapted. They mastered the cruel mathematics of this place and turned it into a religion of chance. They are the house champions, the professional card sharps at this miserable table. They know every trick, every angle





even a dirty little secret the wastes have to offer. They will take one look at your hopeful, determined face and they will see a rookie on a losing streak, an easy mark ready to be taken for all they're worth.

So go on. Step out into the beautiful, shimmering, razor-sharp expanse. The odds are a million to one against you. The house always wins. But hey, a long shot's still a shot, right? Place your bets, you magnificent fools. I've got a great price on you not making it back for last orders.





The Chamuscado Glass Wastes, aka “The Cham”

The sun here is not a source of life, but a relentless hammer that has beaten the very sand into a sea of shattered, shimmering glass. The Chamuscado Glass Wastes are a beautiful and lethal mirage, a landscape of razor-sharp edges and blinding reflections. Every step is a gamble, and the only inhabitants are those who have learned to thrive in a world that can cut them to ribbons. The Doku-ya Juy'ata call this crucible home, for they know that in a place of such harsh, undeniable truth, there is no room for weakness.



The Environment

In the annals of the world's great and terrible transformations, few are as profound or as tragic as the event that birthed the Chamuscado Glass Wastes. Historical records, fragmented though they are, speak of a vast, world-spanning jungle that once flourished in the southern continent, a place of vibrant, humid life that was the ancestral home of the Doku-ya Juy'ata. This paradise was





generated in a single, apocalyptic event - a magical cataclysm of such intense and searing heat that the very earth was vitrified. The lush jungle was flash-calcified into ash, and the silicon in the soil melted, creating the vast, undulating plains of black, volcanic glass that define the region today. The wastes stand as a permanent and sorrowful monument to the unstable nature of raw, untamed power, a scar upon the world that refuses to heal.

The environment that remains is a crucible of perception, a landscape of beautiful and deeply treacherous lies. The relentless sun, its light captured and refracted by a million razor-sharp edges, creates a constant, shimmering heat-haze, a world of shifting mirages and phantom horizons. It is a physical manifestation of the fickle nature of chance, where what appears to be a life-saving oasis is merely a reflection, and a seemingly empty patch of desert can hide a predator in plain sight. The very ground is a weapon; when the great glass plates shatter under the intense heat of the day, they create razor-sharp spikes that can cripple the unwary. It is a land that actively and violently punishes those who would dare to trust their own eyes.

The fauna of the wastes is a terrifying study in brutal adaptation, a testament to life's stubborn refusal to yield. Creatures like the Glassen Wing Vulture have incorporated the very substance of the desert into their biology, their feathers becoming shards of lethal obsidian. More terrifying still are the elemental spirits born from the cataclysm itself, such as the Sun Forged Djinn, a being of pure, captured solar fury, and the insidious Mirage Weaver, a creature whose mirrored carapace makes it a living, invisible predator. It was in this crucible that the surviving Doku-ya Juy'ata were forged anew, their old creed shattered, replaced by a harsh, pragmatic philosophy of survival, a belief system confirmed by their discovery of the gambler's city, Al'Sarab Ciudad de Fortuna, in the heart of the wastes.

Ultimately, the Chamuscado Glass Wastes represents a place of profound magical instability, a wound in the world that continues to radiate a strange and potent energy. It is this very energy that draws other factions to its borders, from the Frost-Still Clans seeking unique ingredients for their sacred brews to the sorrowful Cask Brethren, who are drawn to the overwhelming sense of loss that saturates the very air. The wastes are more than just a desert; they are a living historical record of a terrible and beautiful failure, a constant, shimmering reminder that the brightest of lights can cast the darkest and most permanent of shadows.





Sunken Lenses

The sun in the wastes doesn't just burn; it creates. Over centuries, its relentless, unforgiving gaze has melted and warped patches of the glass desert into natural, powerful focusing lenses. You'll see 'em sometimes, a perfect, shimmering dish in the sand. A fool sees a pretty bauble. A survivor sees an opportunity. A warrior with enough cunning can use one of these things to focus the sun's own fury into their blade, turning a simple piece of steel into a temporary brand of white-hot iron. Just be quick about it. The desert doesn't give its gifts for long.

Rule: Focusing the Light

- **The Terrain:** When setting up the battlefield, you can designate up to three small areas (no larger than 3" in diameter) as **Sunken Lenses**.
- **The Action:** A fighter standing wholly within a Sunken Lens area can use one of their actions to attempt to **Focus the Light**. To do so, they must make a Metvel-Kaltos check (TN 7+).
- **The Reward:** On a success, the fighter has successfully angled their weapon into the focused beam of sunlight. For their next two melee attack actions, their weapon gains +2 to **its base Impact**, and any damage dealt is considered fire damage.
- **The Risk:** On a failure, the fighter misjudges the angle and is burned by the intense heat, suffering 1 damage.





Environmental Effects

Right then, you miserable sods. You think you've got a plan? You've studied the terrain, you've memorized your enemy's stats, you've even managed to remember which end of your sword is the pointy one. Adorable. You've forgotten one thing: the battlefield itself has a say in this fight. The Barman always gets the last word, and his final call can turn a simple brawl into a full-blown nightmare. Good luck. You'll need it.

During the **Setting up the Battlefield** phase, after all terrain has been placed but before any fighters are deployed, the player who won the initiative roll for deployment may roll a D6 and consult the Environmental Effects Table for the region the skirmish is taking place in. The resulting effect is now active for the entire battle.

Chamuscado Glass Wastes: Environmental Effects Table

D6 Roll	Battlefield Condition	Effect
1	Glass Shard Storm	A howling wind kicks up a blinding, scouring storm of fine glass dust and sharp shards. At the start of each battle round after the first, every fighter on the board suffers 1 damage that cannot be negated.
2	Sun-Drunk Mirage	The intense heat and endless reflections create a powerful mirage. The landscape seems to warp and twist. At the start of each round, the player who lost the initiative roll may choose one enemy fighter. That fighter must pass a Metvél-Kaltos check (TN 7+) or be unable to make move actions that activation.
3	Unstable Ground	The constant, intense heat has made a section of the battlefield's glass surface brittle and treacherous. The player who won the initiative roll chooses one piece of terrain. That terrain piece is now Unstable . Any fighter who ends their activation on or within 1" of it suffers D3 damage.
4	Searing Heat	The sun is at its zenith, and the heat is oppressive and life-draining. All fighters on the board have their maximum Wounds characteristic reduced by 2 for the duration of the battle.
5	Focusing Lens	A patch of the desert has been melted into a perfect, natural focusing lens. Place a 3" diameter Sunken Lens token in the center of the board. Any ranged attack that is drawn through this token gains +1 to its base and critical Impact.

6

Whispers on the Glass

The psychic residue of the great cataclysm that created the wastes is particularly strong today. At the start of each round, both players roll an extra D6 and add it to their Oracle's Call pool (for a total of 9 dice). However, any fighter who uses a (Triple) ability suffers 1 damage.





Environment Ingredient Table: The Chamuscado Glass Wastes

D6 Roll	Ingredient Found	Description
1	Glass Cactus Spine (x2)	A common but lethally sharp spine from the giant cacti of the wastes. It carries a mild, irritating toxin.
2	Sun-Crazed Jackal Hide	A patch of tough, sun-bleached hide from one of the desert's mad predators. Still carries a faint, frenzied energy.
3	Obsidian Shard	A flawless, razor-sharp piece of natural volcanic glass, flaked from a larger formation. It holds the searing heat of the desert sun.
4	Mirage Weaver Chitin	A piece of the Mirage Weaver's shimmering, mirrored carapace. It seems to bend the light, making it difficult to focus on.
5	Sun Forged Djinn Core Dust	The residual, glowing dust from a defeated Sun Forged Djinn. It is warm to the touch and hums with a powerful, captured solar energy.
6	Glass-Lurk Drake Scale	A single, perfect, and impossibly sharp scale from the legendary Drake. It is as hard as steel and resonates with a deep, furious power.

Overheard in The Pub: *"The real reason no one can find the Grey Market's headquarters? It's not in a city. It's not in a hidden cave. It's on the back of a colossal, ancient beast that's been wandering the world for a thousand years. A whole city of spies and assassins, living on the shell of a creature so vast, it is its own ecosystem. They're not just off the grid; they're off the map."*





Cham Turkeys



These ain't your grandma's gobblers. Out in the Glass Wastes, everything's sharp, and these birds are no different. Lean, mean, and covered in enough pointy bits to make a spiked pit look soft. Their eyes burn like a blacksmith's forge, and when they kick, it ain't just a bruise, it's a bone-shatterin' crack. Get too close, and you'll find yourself lookin' like a pincushion. Nasty, fast, and they'll strip the meat off your bones before the buzzards even circle. Give 'em a wide berth, unless you fancy bleedin' out on the grit.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	3	3	6	15	1	4

Weapon:

- **Beak & Talons (Melee):** Range 1, Impact 1/4.

Special Rules:

- **Shrapnel Plume:** The Cham Turkeys have a nasty habit of kicking up glass shards whenever they “approach” a target. Whenever a Cham Turkey moves within 1" of any other fighter or Beast, that fighter or Beast takes 1 damage.





Ol' Gaz's Guide to Not Dying in The Cham

Right, so you've survived the mud and now you fancy a trip to the big, shiny frying pan, do you? Fine. Don't say I never gave you anything but a bar tab. Here's a bit of free advice. Don't worry, it's worth exactly what you're paying for it.

1. **DO** walk in the shadows. What little shade you can find is your best mate out here. The sun isn't just hot; it's a bloody hammer waiting to beat you into a puddle.
2. **DO** watch the sky. If you see a black speck circling, that's a Glassen Wing Vulture waiting for you to stop moving so it can drop on your head like a feathered guillotine .
3. **DO** trust your ears over your eyes. The heat plays tricks. That shimmering oasis is probably a Mirage Weaver getting ready to gut you .
4. **DO** drink from a cactus if you have to. It'll taste like misery and probably give you the runs, but it's better than dying of thirst. Marginally.
5. **DO** walk around the big, slow, glassy tortoise. The Sun Fused Glassback doesn't want to fight you, but if you annoy it, it will end you .
6. **DO** keep your blade sharp. The hides out here are made of rock, glass, and pure, concentrated stubbornness. A dull blade is just an invitation to a long, embarrassing death.
7. **DO** pay the Doku-ya Juy'ata what they ask. Trust me, whatever price they're quoting for passage is cheaper than the price of picking a fight with them.
8. **DO** have a will. Make sure it's up to date.

1. **DON'T** fall over. The ground is made of knives. It's that simple. Every clumsy step is a new and interesting way to bleed out.
2. **DON'T** rest your pint on a jagged rock. It might be a Shard-Hopper, and it'll leap away with your drink before spitting your own severed leg back at you.
3. **DON'T** try to warm your hands by the shimmering heat-haze. That's a Glass Furnace Mauler, and it'll melt the boots off your feet and your feet off your legs just for standing too close.
4. **DON'T** think you're safe under the sand. That's where the Glass-Lurk Drake lives, and you won't know it's there until the world shatters under your feet .
5. **DON'T** kick the rocks. Sometimes, the rocks are a Chamuscado Emboscada waiting for a fool to get close enough to bite .
6. **DON'T** try to catch the little beetles. A single Glass Shard Scarab is a curiosity. A swarm of them is a moving tide of tiny razors that will strip you to the bone .
7. **DON'T** make eye contact with a Sun Forged Djinn. It's not a beast; it's the desert's own cruel soul given form, and it doesn't like being looked at .
8. **DON'T** die. It's a long, hot walk back to the pub, and I'm not carrying you.





The Beasts





Shard Scarabs

Threat Index 1 - 115 Points

The first thing you'll notice is the sound - a dry, chittering rustle, like a thousand tiny razors being sharpened at once. Then you'll see the shimmering tide on the horizon. These aren't just beetles; they're the desert's accountants, here to collect a tax paid in flesh. Don't try to fight the swarm head-on; you'll die a slow, miserable death by a thousand papercuts. Your best bet is to keep moving and hope they find a more recently-dead poor soul to balance their books with.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
6	2	3	4	15	1	1

- **Weapon:**
 - Serrated Mandibles (Melee): Range 1, Impact 1/1
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Swarm:** This fighter can move through other fighters and difficult terrain without penalty. Ranged attacks targeting this fighter suffer a -1 penalty to hit.
 - **Mindless:** This fighter cannot be targeted by abilities that affect the mind (e.g., intimidation, fear).
- **Abilities:**
 - **A Thousand Cuts (Double):** The next melee attack action this fighter makes gains the following rule: If this attack scores 3 or more hits, the target suffers 1 damage at the end of this round and the next.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Scavenger





Glassen Wing Vulture

Threat Index 2 - 140 Points

You'll see them first as a black speck, riding the thermal vents high above the shimmering glass, and you might think nothing of it. But this isn't your common carrion bird. Generations of roosting in super-heated cliffs have fused its feathers into plates of razor-sharp obsidian. It's a creature of brutal efficiency, one that has decided that actively hunting is far too much work. It simply circles, patient as the sun itself,

waiting for you to run out of water, or hope. When you finally collapse, it doesn't descend. It folds those glass-shard wings and drops. It doesn't come to eat your corpse; it's the thing that makes you a corpse, a living guillotine falling from the sky. A word of advice: if you see one circling, don't look up. Keep moving. It's only interested in you when you stop.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	4	3	7 (Fly)	12	2	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Obsidian Feathers & Beak (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/4
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Circling Predator:** This fighter can be placed in "Reserve" instead of being deployed on the battlefield at the start of the game. At the beginning of any round after the first, you may place it anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 6" away from any enemy fighter. This counts as "having moved from higher elevation" for the purposes of its **Glass Drop** ability.
- **Abilities:**
 - **Glass Drop (Passive Ability):** The first time this fighter makes a move action to engage an enemy fighter from a higher elevation, it may immediately make a bonus melee attack action with +2 to its Heft.
 - **"Carrion's Call" (4+):** This fighter gains +2 to its Flurry for the rest of its activation if it is targeting a fighter that has less than half of its starting wounds remaining.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Scavenger





Mirage Weaver

Threat Index 3 - 185 Points

Listen to me. Your eyes will lie to you here. The heat haze plays tricks, and the reflections on the glass can drive a man mad. The Mirage Weaver is the master of this deception. It is a ghost made of glass and silence, a ripple in the air that you won't see until it's too late. You'll hear a faint, hypnotic clicking, and you'll follow it, thinking you've found some strange new insect. You haven't. You've found the end of your story, and it's about to gut you with talons as sharp as your own foolishness.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	3	3	6	14	4	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Glass Talons (Melee): Range 1, Impact 2/3
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Shimmering Carapace:** This fighter gains +2 Grit against ranged attacks.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Heat Haze" (4+):** Until its next activation, this fighter cannot be targeted by ranged attacks if it is more than 6" away.
 - **"Unseen Step" (Double):** This fighter may immediately make a bonus disengage action after making an attack action.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Harasser





Shard-Hopper

Threat Index 4 - 215 Points

Your eyes will play tricks on you in the wastes. You'll see a jagged outcrop of rock, shimmering in the heat, and think nothing of it. Then the rock will blink. All five or six of its eyes. The Shard-Hopper is not a creature of this world; it's a daemon that has encrusted its warty hide with the razor-sharp, shattered glass of the desert. It doesn't stalk you. It just watches, and waits, and then it leaps. The very air shrieks as its immense weight lands, kicking up a scouring storm of glass dust and sand

that will blind you and strip the flesh from your bones. A word of advice: if you see one, don't bunch up. A tight-knit crew is just a bigger target for its landing.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	4	6	25	2	3

- **Weapon:**
 - Glass-Shard Claws (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Scouring Leap:** The first time this fighter performs a Charge action in a round, all enemy fighters within 3" of the spot where it ends its move suffer D3 damage.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Unseen Hop" (Double):** After this fighter makes an attack action, you may immediately remove it from the board and place it anywhere within 2D6", more than 1" from any enemy fighter.
- **Behaviour Type:** Harrier
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Chamuscado

Emboscada

Threat Index 5 - 260 Points

The Mire has its spiky log that eats people, and the Wastes decided it wanted one too. It's the same bloody trick, just a different, hotter kind of hell. You'll be trekking across a shimmering glass flat, spot what looks like a sun-bleached rock formation, and think nothing of it. Then the rock opens a jaw full of shattered glass teeth, and your trip is over. They are monuments to the fact that in a desert, the most patient thing is usually

the hungriest.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	3	28	2	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Glass-Shard Jaws (Melee): Range 1, Impact 4/8
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Ambush Predator:** If this fighter has not made a move action this activation, its first attack action gains the **Pulverize** keyword.
 - **Dormant Predator:** This fighter cannot be the target of a charge action unless it has already made an attack action in the same round.
 - **Spiny Hide:** After this fighter suffers damage from a melee attack action, the attacker suffers D3 damage.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Sun Fused Glassback

Threat Index 6 - 290 Points

You'll see them from miles away, a walking mountain of shimmering, sun-fused obsidian. These gentle giants are a living piece of the landscape, and for the most part, they want nothing to do with you. They are the great movers of the desert, glaciers of glass and patience. Do not mistake their slowness for weakness. I once saw a warband try to bring one down. The fight ended when the Glassback simply turned around, and

the warband ceased to exist. The best way to fight a Glassback is to not fight a Glassback. Walk around.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
2	6	7	3	35	1	3

- **Weapon:**
 - Crushing Beak (Melee): Range 1, Impact 4/6
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Unstoppable:** This fighter cannot be moved by enemy abilities like Shove and cannot be knocked prone.
 - **Glass Carapace:** This fighter reduces all damage suffered from non-critical hits by 1.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Blinding Glare" (4+):** Pick an enemy fighter within 12" who has line of sight to this fighter. That fighter suffers -2 to their Flurry (to a minimum of 1) on their next attack action.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Guardian





Shard-Horn Ripper

Threat Index 7 - 330 Points

There are things out in the wastes that defy all o' scholar's neat little categories. The Shard-Horn Ripper is one of 'em. It's a horrifying fusion of a colossal rhinoceros beetle and something meaner, tougher, and a whole lot bigger. Its hide is thick, chitinous plate, but its most terrifying features are the ones it has stolen from the desert itself. Its back is a living artillery battery, able to launch a volley of razor-sharp glass shards with a

flex of its powerful muscles. But the real prize is its horn. A single, colossal horn made of pure, flawless volcanic glass. You'll see it from a mile away, glittering in the sun, a beautiful and deadly promise. Don't get too close. On the charge, that horn is a single-use battering ram that will shatter on impact, turning a knight in full plate into a fine red mist and a cloud of glass dust. If you were standing next to the aforesaid knight, don't breathe in.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	6	5	5	45	1	3

- **Weapons:**
 - Mandibles & Claws (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
 - Glass Shard Volley (Ranged): Range 12", Impact 2/4
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Charge:** This fighter can perform a move and attack for a single action.
 - **Shatter-Horn:** The first time this fighter makes a Charge action in a battle, its first melee attack action gains +3 to its base Impact and the **Pulverize** keyword. This rule cannot be used again for the rest of the battle.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Shard-Storm" (Double):** This fighter may make two Glass Shard Volley ranged attack actions this activation instead of one.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha





Glass Furnace Mauler

Threat Index 8 - 360 Points

This is the common Mauler, but one that decided to stop fighting the heat and simply become it. To get close to one is to feel your skin tighten and your water boil in your canteen. It is a walking furnace, its hide a semi-molten carapace of fused sand that radiates a shimmering heat-haze. It swings a shard of pure obsidian like a splinter of the sun itself. It's a miserable, brutish creature that has so perfectly mastered its hellish home

that it now brings that hell with it wherever it goes.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	6	4	35	1	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Obsidian Shard (Melee): Range 2, Impact 3/6
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Living Furnace:** Any enemy fighter that ends their activation within 1" of this fighter suffers D3 fire damage.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Heat Haze" (4+):** Until the start of its next activation, this fighter gains +1 Grit against ranged attacks.
 - **"Melt the Ground" (Double):** Place a 3" diameter **Molten Ground** token within 6". The area becomes hazardous terrain for the rest of the battle.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Guardian





Sun Forged Djinn

Threat Index 9 - 450 Points

There are creatures in this world made of flesh and bone, and you can understand them. You can learn their habits, predict their fury. The Djinn is something else entirely. It's not a beast; it's a piece of the desert's own cruel soul, a ghost of the cataclysm that birthed the wastes. You'll see it from a distance, a shimmering distortion in the heat-haze, and you'll think it's just another mirage. It isn't. Its upper body is a beautiful, terrifying construct of obsidian and captured sunlight, but it has no legs, just a swirling

vortex of sand and ash where they should be. It doesn't walk the wastes; it is the wastes. I once saw one turn a whole dune into a river of molten glass with a gesture. You don't fight a thing like that. You find the deepest, darkest hole you can, and you pray it doesn't notice you.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
3	5	6	4 (Fly)	38	2	2

- **Weapon:**
 - Heated Glass Fists (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/5
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Living Furnace:** Any enemy fighter that ends their activation within 1" of this fighter suffers D3 fire damage.
 - **Shatter:** When this fighter is taken out of action, it explodes. All fighters within 3" suffer D6 damage.
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Solar Beam" (Triple):** This fighter can make a ranged attack action with the following profile: Range 12", Flurry 1, Heft 6, Impact 5/8.
- **Behaviour Type:** Deadeye
- **Target Priority:** Slayer





Glass-Lurk Drake

Threat Index 10 - 510 Points



There are beasts you can hunt, and then there are disasters that happen to you. The Drake is the latter. You won't see it coming. You'll be walking across a beautiful, shimmering field of glass, and you'll feel a faint vibration under your feet. Then the world shatters. The ground erupts in a whirlwind of razors, a living sandstorm that coalesces into the form of a serpentine dragon made of pure, incandescent rage. You cannot fight the desert's anger. You can only hope you aren't standing on the spot it

chooses to vent.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	5	5	5	40	1	4

- **Weapon:**
 - Glass-Shard Claws & Maw (Melee): Range 1, Impact 3/6. On a critical hit, the target suffers an additional D3 damage as razor-sharp shards break off in the wound.
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Living Mirage:** This creature gains +2 Grit against all ranged attacks, as projectiles are either reflected or pass harmlessly through its shifting form.
 - **Monster:** This fighter has the **Monster** keyword and gains access to the Monster Actions (Tremor, Sweep, Crushing Mass).
- **Abilities:**
 - **"Eruption of Glass" (Triple):** Place the center of this attack anywhere within 12" of the Drake. All fighters within 3" of that point suffer D6 damage.
 - **"Blinding Reflection" (Double):** Pick an enemy fighter within 9". That fighter is blinded by a flash of reflected sunlight and suffers -2 to their Flurry (to a minimum of 1) on their next attack action.
- **Behaviour Type:** Bruiser
- **Target Priority:** Alpha



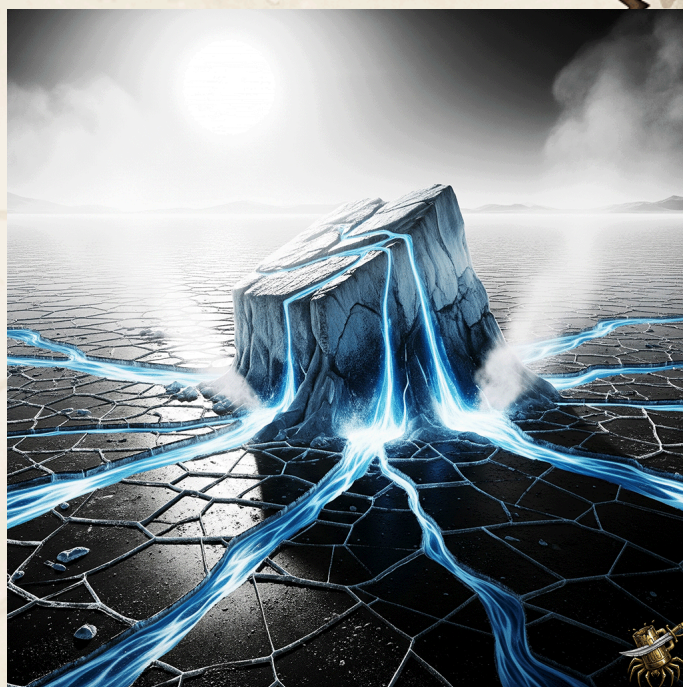
Warband Skirmishing





The Coldest Ingredient

Right then, you miserable sods. You think the heat of the wastes is bad? Try mixing it with the biting cold of the tundra and the even colder stubbornness of a Dwarf-Kin with a sacred recipe. This isn't a battle for territory; it's a bitter, theological dispute over the key ingredient for the perfect pint. My money's on the one who brought a coat.



Objective

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The warband that is holding the **Ice-Core** Objective Token at the end of the fifth battle round is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. After terrain is set up, place a single Objective Token in the center of the board, representing the **Ice Core**. Players then deploy their warbands using the **Lay of the Land** rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish.

Special Rules:

- **The Ice-Core:** A fighter can use an action while within 1" of the **Ice Core** to pick it up. A fighter carrying the **Ice Core** suffers -1 to their Footwork characteristic due to its immense weight and biting cold.
- **Meltdown:** At the start of each battle round after the first, the fighter carrying the **Ice Core** suffers 1 damage that cannot be negated as the searing heat of the wastes causes the ice to melt, splashing them with super-chilled, volatile liquid.
- **A Fumbled Prize:** If a fighter carrying the **Ice Core** is taken out of action, immediately place the Objective Token back on the board, within 1" of where they fell.





A Reflection of War

The wastes play tricks on the mind, friend. The heat, the glare... it can make you see things. Sometimes, it's an oasis that ain't there. Other times, it's your own worst enemy, charging right at you. The problem is, in a place like this, made of glass and grudges, sometimes the reflection is just as real, and just as deadly, as you are.



Objective

The battle ends immediately when one of the warband leaders is taken out of action. The player whose leader is still on the board is the winner, regardless of any other casualties.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board, set up to be as symmetrical as possible. Players deploy their warbands using the **Lay of the Land** rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish.

Special Rules:

- **The Mirage:** At the start of each battle round after the first, the player who won the initiative roll may choose one fighter from their warband. They may immediately place a **Mirage** token, which is a duplicate of that fighter's model, anywhere on the battlefield more than 6" away from any enemy fighter.
- **A Trick of the Light:** The Mirage token is an illusion. It cannot move, attack, or be targeted. However, the fighter it is copying can draw line of sight and measure range from either their own model or the Mirage token when making ranged attacks or using abilities. At the end of the round, all Mirage tokens are removed from the board.





The Sunken Treasure of Al'Sarab



They say that when the old gambler's city fell, a single treasure barge, laden with the casino's nightly take, was swallowed by a sand-slide. For centuries, it's been a legend. But a recent tremor has shifted the dunes, and the tip of the barge's gilded mast has been seen glinting in the sun.

Now, two crews have arrived at the same time, knives out, ready to claim the long-lost jackpot. The only problem? The sand around the wreck is notoriously unstable.



Objective

The battle lasts for 4 rounds. At the end of the fourth round, the player who has the most fighters (measured by total Wounds value) on the central **Treasure Barge** terrain piece is the winner.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. The center of the board must have a single, large piece of terrain representing the partially-buried **Treasure Barge**. This area is considered open ground. The rest of the board is difficult terrain, representing the deep, soft sand. Players deploy their warbands using the **Lay of the Land** rules for a Multiplayer Skirmish.

Special Rules:

- **Sinking Sands:** Any fighter that ends their activation in the difficult terrain (not on the Treasure Barge) must pass a Footwork check (TN 7+). On a failure, they become Pinned as they are sucked down by the sand and cannot move during their next activation.
- **A Glimmer of Greed:** Any fighter who ends their activation on the Treasure Barge immediately heals 1 wound as they are invigorated by the sight of so much potential wealth.





The Scouring of the Scribe

A lone Scribe of Lies from the Coven of the Unbound Will has been seen in the wastes, attempting to "edit" the chaotic prophecies written in the shimmering glass. This act of intellectual arrogance has not gone unnoticed. A warband has been dispatched to hunt down the Scribe and ensure their blasphemous graffiti is permanently erased. This is not a battle for land or coin; it's a brutal act of peer review.



Objective

The battle lasts for 5 rounds. The Attacking player wins if they can get more than half of their starting fighters off the Defender's board edge by the end of the fifth battle round. The Defender wins if they prevent this.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. This scenario uses the short board edges for deployment. One player is designated the Attacker, and the other is the Defender. The Defender places a single, unique **Scribe of Lies** friendly NPC model in the center of their deployment zone. Players deploy their Jury and Fury groups using the **Lay of the Land** rules on their designated short board edge.

Special Rules:

- **The Scribe's Ritual:** The Scribe cannot move or attack, but at the start of each of the Defender's turns, they may choose one friendly fighter. That fighter may immediately re-roll one failed die of their choice during their next activation.
- **A Desperate Escape:** The Defender's goal is to protect their Scribe. If the Scribe is moved off the Attacker's board edge, the Defender immediately wins.
- **A Flammable Text:** The Scribe is a vulnerable target. They have a Grit of 2 and 8 Wounds. If the Attacker takes the Scribe out of action, the Attacker immediately wins.





Side Quests





The Sun-Drunk Stone

There's a strange madness that takes hold in the wastes. The Doku-ya Juy'ata call it 'Sun-Drunk.' It's what happens when a beast basks too long in the shimmering heat, its mind cooked in its own skull. They say a great Sun-fused Glassback has gone mad, its placid nature burned away by a feverish rage. It's smashing the sacred mirrors of a Juy'ata clan, and they're offering a hefty price to any crew mad enough to put the poor, Sun Scorched beast out of its misery.



Objective

Your warband must hunt down and slay the Sun-Drunk Glassback. The beast is in a state of terminal rage and cannot be reasoned with.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. Place several large, flat pieces of terrain to represent the **Sacred Mirrors**. These provide no cover but are difficult terrain to move over.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1500):

- 1x **"Sun-Drunk" Sun-fused Glassback** (Threat 6, 290 pts, -10%): 261 pts
 - *Special Rule: Sun-Drunk Fury.* This Glassback is enraged. It gains +1 Flurry and must use its first action each turn to charge the nearest enemy fighter if able.
- 2x **Shard-Horn Ripper** (Threat 7, 330 pts, -20%): 264 pts each (528 total)
- 3x **Mirage Weaver** (Threat 3, 185 pts): 185 pts each (555 total)
- 1x **Glass-Shard Scarabs** (Threat 1, 115 pts): 115 pts
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1459 points

How to Play

This is a standard **Beast Hunt** skirmish. The Player wins if they can take the "Sun-Drunk" Sun-fused Glassback out of action. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.





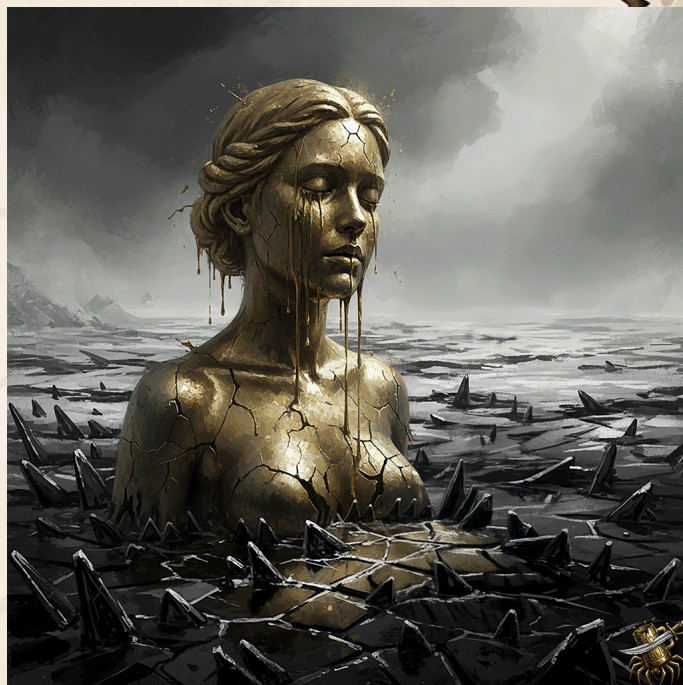
- 150 Shiners.
- **Unique Item: "Mirage-Stone."** A piece of the Glassback's sun-fused shell. Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to create a **Mirage** token (as per the **A Reflection of War** skirmish) of themselves anywhere within 9".





The Gilded Tear

There's a sad story the scavengers tell. A Gilded Legion artisan, a master craftsman, lost his daughter to the wastes. In his grief, he forged a perfect, life-sized statue of her from solid gold and set it in a hidden canyon as a memorial. But the wastes... they corrupt things. The statue's sorrow, or maybe just the strange magic of this place, has attracted a creature of pure, avaricious envy: a Sun Forged Djinn. The Djinn has become obsessed with the statue, seeing it as a beautiful cage for its fiery spirit. It's trying to possess the statue, to melt the gold and make it its own. The Legion, horrified at this desecration, has put out a quiet bounty: shatter the statue to release the Djinn, then put the beast down. They'd rather destroy their own beautiful creation than see it become a monster.



Objective

Your warband must travel to the hidden memorial, shatter the Gilded Statue to release the enraged Djinn, and then defeat the creature.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. In the center, place a unique Objective Token representing the **Gilded Statue**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1530):

- 1x **"Enraged" Sun Forged Djinn** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Gilded Fury.* This Djinn is enraged by the destruction of its prize. It gains +1 to its Flurry and its "Shatter" ability deals an additional D3 damage.
- 2x **Glass Furnace Mauler** (Threat 8, 360 pts, -20%): 288 pts each (576 total)
- 2x **Mirage Weaver** (Threat 3, 185 pts): 185 pts each (370 total)
- 2x **Glass-Shard Scarabs** (Threat 1, 115 pts): 115 pts each (230 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1536 points

How to Play

This is a two-part skirmish.





1. **Shatter the Memorial:** The Gilded Statue is a destructible objective. It has a Grit of 6 and 20 Wounds. The warband must destroy it.
2. **Slay the Beast:** As soon as the statue is destroyed, the "Enraged" Sun Forged Djinn is released. Place its model where the statue was. The Player wins if they can take the Djinn out of action. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

Reward

- **250 Shiners** (the full bounty from the Gilded Legion).
- **Unique Item: "The Gilded Tear."** A single, perfectly preserved teardrop of solid gold, recovered from the shattered statue. Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to grant a friendly fighter within 3" a temporary +1 to their Grit until the start of their next activation.



Overheard in The Pub: "The Doku-ya Juy'ata are in a quiet panic. Their seers keep having the same vision: a perfect hand of cards, but with a sixth, unknown card that has no suit and no number. They see it as a new, un-calculable variable in their plans, a piece of pure chaos that their mathematics can't account for. They're sending Stalkers all over the wastes, not for treasure, but for any sign of this 'sixth card'."





The Gilded Cage

There's a rumour in the back alleys of the city. A Gilded Legion pay-wagon, carrying a chest full of freshly minted Shiners and a priceless, gilded artifact, vanished in the wastes. No wreckage, no bodies, no witnesses. Just gone. The Legion has put out a quiet, unofficial bounty for any information, or for the return of their property. Some say it was a sandstorm. Others say it was a beast. Either way, that's a lot of coin just sitting out there, waiting for someone with enough grit to go and find it.



Objective

Your warband must search the wastes for the missing pay-wagon, defeat the creature that destroyed it, and recover the Gilded Artifact.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. In the center, place a **Wrecked Pay-Wagon** terrain piece. Place an Objective Token within 1" of the wagon, representing the **Gilded Artifact**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1532):

- 1x **"Alpha" Glass-Lurk Drake** (Threat 10, 510 pts, -30%): 357 pts
 - *Special Rule: Territorial Fury.* This Drake is larger and more aggressive. It gains +1 Flurry and +5 Wounds.
- 2x **Sun Forged Djinn** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts each (720 total)
- 2x **Glassen Wing Vulture** (Threat 2, 140 pts): 140 pts each (280 total)
- 1x **Glass-Shard Scarabs** (Threat 1, 115 pts): 115 pts
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1472 points

How to Play

This is a **Beast Hunt** skirmish with an objective. The Player wins if a fighter is carrying the "Gilded Artifact" off any board edge. To pick up the artifact, a fighter must first defeat the "Alpha"





Grass-Lurk Drake, as it is nesting on the wreckage. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.



Reward

- **100 Shiners** (recovered from the wreckage).
- **Unique Item: The Gilded Aegis.** You may keep this powerful legendary shield, or you can return it to the Gilded Legion for an additional reward of 200 Shiners and a permanent +2 to your warband's reputation with all Self-Made Cogwork factions.



Overheard in The Pub: "Best be careful what you say around here. I saw a patron get into an argument with a hooded stranger last night. The stranger didn't draw a blade; he just offered the loudmouth a contract. The loudmouth laughed and tore it up. The stranger just smiled and left. This morning, the loudmouth was gone, but his name on the pub's debtors' board had been... edited. It now says, 'Paid in Full.' I don't think he's coming back."





Main Quests





The Sunken Saint

There are stories, older than the wastes themselves, of a saint who walked the ancient jungle and preached a gospel of self-sacrifice. When the great fire came, they say he did not flee, but walked into the heart of the inferno, his faith a shield against the flames. The Doku-ya Juy'ata believe his fossilized, glass-entombed heart is still out there, a relic of immense power. A recent tremor has opened a new chasm, and their seers have calculated that the 'Sunken Saint' is finally within reach. They are mounting an expedition, and they need a crew of tough, expendable outsiders to clear the way.





Part 1

The Crystal Veins

Objective

The Doku-ya Juy'ata have tasked your warband with clearing out a newly-opened chasm that is infested with territorial beasts. You must secure the three **Crystal Veins** that will allow their mystics to safely navigate the unstable chasm floor.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a **Crystal Vein**. They must be placed on ground level and more than 8" away from any board edge or another token.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1503):

- 1x **Glass-Lurk Drake** (Threat 10, 510 pts, -30%): 357 pts
- 2x **Glass Furnace Mauler** (Threat 8, 360 pts, -20%): 288 pts each (576 total)
- 3x **Chamuscado Emboscada** (Threat 5, 260 pts, -10%): 234 pts each (702 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1635 points

How to Play

A fighter can use an action while within 1" of a **Crystal Vein** to make a Metvél-Kaltos check (TN 7+). On a success, they have secured the vein. The Player wins if they can successfully secure all three **Crystal Veins**. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.





Part 2

The Saint's Tomb

Objective

You have descended into the chasm, arriving in a vast, cathedral-like cavern of black obsidian. In the center, entombed within a massive, transparent crystal, is the fossilized body of the Sunken Saint. However, the chasm is not empty. A rival warband of the Coven of the Unbound Will has also been drawn by the immense power of the relic and seeks to claim it for their own profane experiments. You must defeat them and secure the Saint for your Doku-ya Juy'ata patrons.

Board Setup

The board should represent the interior of a vast, crystalline cavern. The center of the board must have a large, impassable terrain piece representing the **Saint's Crystal Tomb**. The rest of the board should be littered with smaller, sharp-edged crystal formations that provide cover.

Enemy Warband This is a PvP skirmish. The opposing warband is a Coven of the Unbound Will force with an equivalent points value to the player's warband. For a solo or co-op game, use the following Beast lineup instead:

- 1x **"Alpha" Sun Forged Djinn** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Soul-Drinker.* This Djinn is empowered by the Saint's presence. Whenever another fighter is taken out of action, the Djinn heals D6 wounds.
- 2x **Shard-Horn Ripper** (Threat 7, 330 pts, -20%): 264 pts each (528 total)
- 3x **Mirage Weaver** (Threat 3, 185 pts): 185 pts each (555 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1443 points

How to Play

This is a standard skirmish. The Player wins if the enemy warband is defeated. If playing against the Beast lineup, the Player wins if the "Alpha" Sun Forged Djinn is taken out of action.

Reward for Completion

- **200 Shiners** (from the grateful Doku-ya Juy'ata).
- **Unique Follower (BFF): "The Saint's Echo."** The Doku-ya Juy'ata are unable to break the crystal tomb, but the battle's chaotic energy awakens a fragment of the Saint's consciousness. This spectral echo, intrigued by the warband's strength, offers its service.





BFF: The Saint's Echo



This is not the Saint itself, but a faint, spectral memory of its power, given a temporary form by the battle's chaotic energies. It is a silent, shimmering, and translucent figure, its form constantly shifting between that of a noble warrior and a cloud of incandescent dust. It does not speak, but communicates in feelings of profound faith and self-sacrifice.

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
4	4	4	5	18	3	4

- **Weapon:** Spectral Blade (Melee, Range 1, Impact 2/4)
- **Ability - "Martyr's Shield" (Double):** Choose another friendly fighter within 3". Until the start of this fighter's next activation, any damage that the chosen fighter would suffer is transferred to The Saint's Echo instead.





The Gilded Cage



There are whispers in the back alleys of Madisoncester Squaremarket Gardens, stories of a Gilded Legion paymaster who went rogue. They say he was transporting a fortune in Shiners and a priceless artifact, a gilded birdcage said to hold the captured soul of a Coven of the Unbound Will sorcerer. But he never made it to his destination. His caravan was found wrecked in the Glass Wastes, the guards dead, the paymaster and the cage both gone. The Legion wants its property back, and they're paying a small fortune to any crew willing to hunt down their traitor and recover the Gilded Cage.





Part 1

The Traitor's Trail

Objective

Your warband has been hired to track the rogue paymaster, a Gilded Legion Retainer named Valerius. You must follow the trail of his discarded equipment and the bodies of those he's slain to pinpoint his location.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. Place three Objective Tokens on the board, each representing a clue on the **Traitor's Trail**. They must be placed on ground level and more than 8" away from any board edge or another token.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1502):

- 1x "**Alpha**" **Sun-fused Glassback** (Threat 6, 290 pts, -10%): 261 pts
 - *Special Rule: Stampeding Fury.* This Glassback has been agitated by the paymaster's passage. If it takes damage, it immediately makes a bonus move action directly towards the fighter that damaged it.
- 2x **Chamuscado Emboscada** (Threat 5, 260 pts, -10%): 234 pts each (468 total)
- 4x **Shard-Hopper** (Threat 4, 215 pts, -10%): 193.5 pts each (774 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1503 points

How to Play

A fighter can use an action while within 1" of a **Traitor's Trail** token to make a Metvél-Kaltos check (TN 7+). On a success, they have uncovered a clue to the paymaster's location. The Player wins if they can successfully analyze all three clues. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.





Part 2

The Fool's Bargain

Objective

You have tracked the rogue paymaster, Valerius, to his hideout: a ruined sun-temple, half-buried in the glass dunes. Inside, you find him not celebrating his theft, but frantically trying to open the Gilded Cage, which contains the captured soul of a Coven of the Unbound Will sorcerer. Valerius believes he can bargain with the trapped soul for power. Unfortunately for him, a Coven kill-squad has tracked him to the same location, and they are not in the mood for negotiation. You must defeat both the traitor and the Coven agents to secure the Gilded Cage.

Board Setup

The board should represent the interior of a ruined temple, with crumbling pillars and sand-swept corridors providing plenty of cover. In the center of the board, place an Objective Token representing the **Gilded Cage**.

Enemy Warbands This is a three-way battle. The player must contend with two separate, hostile warbands.

- **Warband 1: The Traitor.** This warband consists of **Valerius** (use the stats for a Gilded Legion Hoard-Sworn Retainer, but he is a Leader) and two **Hired Guns** (use stats for Scrap-Tek Horde non-Leader Orcs).
- **Warband 2: The Coven.** This warband consists of a **Coven of the Unbound Will Acolyte** and a **Gilded Acolyte**.

How to Play

This is a **Last Man Standing** skirmish with a unique objective. The Player wins if all other non-player fighters are taken out of action. The Gilded Cage is the key. A fighter can use an action while within 1" of the cage to try and open it by making a Metvél-Kaltos check (TN 9+).

- **If a Coven fighter succeeds:** The soul is released and dissipates. The Coven fighters will attempt to flee the board.
- **If any other fighter succeeds:** The soul is released and becomes a temporary, powerful, and uncontrollable ally for that fighter's warband for the rest of the battle (use the stats for a **Weeping Spirit** from the Cask Brethren of the Angel's Share).

Reward for Completion

- **250 Shiners** (the bounty from the Gilded Legion).





Unique Follower (Pet): "The Gilded Soul." If the player's warband is the one to open the cage, the sorcerer's soul, grateful for its release but too weak to exist on its own, imprints on the warband's leader.

Pet: The Gilded Soul



This is the faint, shimmering echo of a powerful Coven of the Unbound Will sorcerer. Freed from its gilded prison, it is a being of pure, grateful energy, a wisp of golden light that follows its new master, offering small but potent bursts of its former, terrible power.

- **Handler:** The Warband Leader

Flurry	Heft	Grit	Footwork	Wounds	Metvél-Kaltos	Clout
-	-	-	6 (Fly)	5	-	-

- **Ability - "A Fleeting Boon":** Once per battle, when this Pet's Handler makes an attack, you may grant that attack a single re-roll on a failed hit die. The Gilded Soul is then removed from play for the rest of the battle as its energy is expended.





The Perpetual Reckoning



The Sun Scorched Land

The heatwave is getting worse. It's not just a freak weather event; it's a fever. The land itself is sick, and the source of the sickness is a hateful, fiery consciousness at the heart of the wastes. The Doku-ya Juy'ata seers have had visions, the Sindarkyn mystics have read the signs in the cooling slag. The Ashen-Heart Behemoth is awake, and its rage is melting the world. Someone has to go in there, track it to its lair, and put an end to its rampage before the whole continent is turned into a sea of glass and ash.





Part 1

The Trail of Glass



Objective

The Ashen-Heart Behemoth's passage leaves a trail of molten glass and enraged beasts. Your warband must follow this trail of destruction to a key vantage point - an ancient, heat-blasted observatory - to pinpoint the Perpetual's current location.

Board Setup

A standard Chamuscado Glass Wastes board. Place a single Objective Token on a piece of elevated terrain in the center of the opponent's deployment zone, representing the **Observatory**.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1512):

- 1x **"Alpha" Sun Forged Djinn** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Empowered by the Hunt.* This Djinn is drawn to the Behemoth's power. It gains +1 to its Heft and Grit.
- 2x **Shard-Horn Ripper** (Threat 7, 330 pts, -20%): 264 pts each (528 total)
- 3x **Mirage Weaver** (Threat 3, 185 pts): 185 pts each (555 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1443 points





How to Play

This is a **Seize the High Ground** skirmish. The Player wins if they have a fighter on the **Observatory** terrain piece at the end of the fourth battle round. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.



Overheard in The Pub: "A Coven of the Unbound Will sorcerer tried to 'edit' the odds at a Doku-ya Juy'ata gambling den out in the wastes. He didn't cheat with cards; he tried to warp reality itself to make a bad hand a good one. Madame Xo, the casino boss, didn't have him killed. Worse. She won his 'True Name' in the next pot. Now he's a magically bound pit boss in her casino, forced to use his powers to ensure the house always wins."





Part 2

The Resonant Pass



Objective

From the observatory, you have pinpointed the Behemoth's lair: a vast, obsidian caldera at the very heart of the wastes. The heat is so intense that the air itself shimmers, and the ground glows with a dull, angry light. The Doku-ya Juy'ata seers have identified the cause: three colossal, crystalline shards that have erupted from the ground, humming with a terrible energy. They are acting as resonant amplifiers, focusing the desert's heat and the Behemoth's own rage into a feedback loop of destruction. You must shatter these shards to have any hope of facing the Perpetual itself.

Board Setup

The board should represent a narrow, treacherous mountain pass. Place three large, vertical terrain pieces on the board to represent the **Resonant Shards**. They must be placed on ground level and more than 8" away from any board edge or another Shard.

Beast Lineup (Total Points: 1532):

- 1x "**Alpha**" **Sun Forged Djinn** (Threat 9, 450 pts, -20%): 360 pts
 - *Special Rule: Shard-Bound.* This Djinn is psychically linked to the shards. While at least one Resonant Shard is still on the battlefield, this Djinn has +1 Grit.
- 2x **Glass Furnace Mauler** (Threat 8, 360 pts, -20%): 288 pts each (576 total)
- 2x **Glassen Wing Vulture** (Threat 2, 140 pts): 140 pts each (280 total)
- 3x **Glass-Shard Scarabs** (Threat 1, 115 pts): 115 pts each (345 total)
- **Total Beast Roster Value:** 1561 points





How to Play



The **Resonant Shards** are destructible objectives. A fighter can use an attack action to target a Shard. Each Shard has a Grit of 5 and 15 Wounds. The Player wins if they can destroy all three Shards. The Beasts win if the entire warband is taken out of action.

- **Special Rule - Psychic Resonance:** Any fighter that ends their activation within 3" of a **Resonant Shard** must pass a Clout check (TN 7+) or become Reeling as their mind is assaulted by the Behemoth's psychic rage.



Overheard in The Pub: "There's a rumpus up in the Hountains, but word is its more than just a mindless rampage: There's an Ore Wyrms eating parts of the mountains, but its eating the mountains for a reason: A Sindarkyn Runesmith told me the Wyrms is consuming veins of ancient, forgotten history embedded in the rock, trying to erase a rival earth god from existence."





Part 3

The Ashen Heart



Objective

You have reached the Behemoth's lair, a vast, obsidian caldera at the heart of the wastes. The air itself shimmers with a killing heat, and the ground glows with a dull, angry light. In the center of the caldera, the Ashen-Heart Behemoth roars its challenge, its body a walking furnace of super-heated glass and solidified ash, its core burning with the intensity of a captive star. This is the source of the blight. It must be stopped here and now.

Board Setup & Rules

This skirmish uses the full Perpetual Reckoning rules for **The Ashen-Heart Behemoth**. The board represents the obsidian caldera, with several large, impassable rock formations and rivers of molten glass.

Beast Lineup:

- 1x **The Ashen-Heart Behemoth** (Threat 11)

How to Play

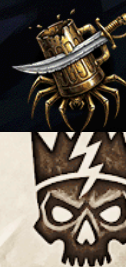
The Player wins if they can destroy the Behemoth's **Ashen-Heart**. The Beast wins if the warband is taken out of action or if the battlefield's **Heat Level** reaches its maximum.





Rules For The Sun Scorched Land

The Ashen-Heart Behemoth is not a creature of flesh, but a scar given form. It is a walking, apocalyptic memory of the cataclysm that birthed the wastes, a colossal prison of super-heated obsidian glass and solidified ash. Within this shell, a furious, hateful daemon of fire is trapped, its unending rage the furnace that powers the creature's destructive existence. It is the wastes' own vengeful heart, a living volcano that seeks not to conquer, but to consume all energy, to grow hot enough to finally shatter its glass prison and unleash its fiery, world-ending spirit.





The battle takes place on a vast, shimmering plain of black sand under a brutal, setting sun. The Behemoth is moving towards the **Heart-Forge**, a massive, natural crystal formation that will allow it to unleash its final, apocalyptic wave of heat.

- **Victory:** Overwhelm the two Crystalline Leg Zones to expose its back, then overwhelm The Back Plates Zone to expose the **Ashen-Heart**. The warband wins if they destroy the exposed **Ashen-Heart**.
- **Defeat:** The warband is defeated, or the battlefield's **Heat Level** (see below) reaches 10.

Titan AI & Behavior

- **Wrath Table: The Ashen-Heart Behemoth** (See Next Page)
- **Movement Protocol:** The Behemoth is a slow, relentless force. At the end of every round, it performs a **Reposition** action, moving 6" directly towards the **Heart-Forge** objective at the far end of the board.
- **Targeting Protocol:** The Behemoth targets the Engagement Zone with the most warband units.

Engagement Zones & Stats

Engagement Zone	Resolve	Description & Hazards
The Crystalline Legs (x2)	16	These two Zones represent the creature's massive, sharp limbs. Attacks against them can cause glass shards to fly off.
The Back Plates	20	A treacherous, shifting platform of super-heated glass plates. Can only be reached after a Leg Zone is Overwhelmed. Ending a turn here deals fire damage.
The Ashen Heart	30	Weak Point Zone. Exposed only after The Back Plates Zone is Overwhelmed. It radiates immense heat, dealing continuous fire damage to all units in this Zone.
The Molten Trail	N/A	Hazard Zone. Any area the titan has moved over. This ground is molten glass. Entering or ending a turn here deals severe fire damage.





Wrath Table



At the start of each Telegraph Phase, roll a D6 and consult this table. The result is the Cataclysm Action the Ashen-Heart Behemoth will take at the end of the round.

D6 Roll	Cataclysm Action
1-2	Glass-Melting Stomp: Targets a Leg Zone. A shockwave of heat turns the entire ground area of that Zone into a Molten Trail for 2 rounds.
3-4	Shard Volley: The Behemoth launches a hail of razor-sharp glass shards, targeting one Zone. All units in that Zone suffer D6 ranged hits with an Impact of 2/4.
5	Solar Flare: The Behemoth unleashes the full power of its Ashen-Heart. The battlefield's Heat Level immediately increases by D3.
6	Player's Choice: The warband spots a weakness in the beast's chaotic rampage. The player's warband gets to choose which of the other results on this table (1-5) takes effect.

Special Rule: Rising Heat The Behemoth's presence is constantly raising the temperature of the battlefield to critical levels.

- At the start of the battle, place a **Heat Level** tracker on a scale of 1-10, starting at 1.
- At the end of every round, the Heat Level increases by 1. Then, distribute the sum total of the Heat Level's value as damage across all warband fighters. If a fighter is in a **Coolant Geyser** they may negate 3 of this damage.
- If the Heat Level ever reaches 10, the entire battlefield is incinerated, and the warband is defeated.





Heroic Actions



These are special actions that a fighter can perform during their activation, in the specified Engagement Zone, by making a characteristic check. They are often far more effective at reducing a Zone's **Resolve** than standard attacks.

Shatter the Limb

- **Zone:** The Crystalline Legs
- **Action:** A fighter can target a weak point in the Behemoth's crystalline leg, attempting to shatter the glass and expose the molten core within.
- **Check:** Make a **Heft** check (TN 8+).
- **Effect on Success:** A massive section of the leg shatters. Reduce the **Resolve** of the Leg Zone by D6. Additionally, the super-heated core is momentarily exposed.

Pry Open a Heat Vent

- **Zone:** The Back Plates
- **Action:** The Behemoth's back is a treacherous landscape of shifting, super-heated glass plates. A fighter can use a crowbar or their weapon to pry open a crucial heat vent, causing a controlled, vertical eruption of searing energy.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 8+).
- **Effect on Success:** You successfully open a vent. Reduce the **Resolve** of The Back Plates Zone by D3. More importantly, the vertical blast of heat creates a temporary thermal updraft. For the rest of the battle, any friendly fighter with the **Fly** keyword may use this vent to immediately move to any other Engagement Zone on the Behemoth's back as a single action.

Create a Coolant Geyser

- **Zone:** Any Ground-Level Zone
- **Action:** The ground of the caldera is unstable, filled with pockets of pressurized, super-chilled gas. A fighter can use their knowledge of the terrain to deliberately rupture one of these pockets.
- **Check:** Make a **Metvel-Kaltos** check (TN 7+).
- **Effect on Success:** The fighter slams their weapon into the ground, creating a geyser of freezing vapour. Place a 3" diameter **Coolant Geyser** token. This area is now considered **Safe Terrain**, and any fighter (friend or foe) ending their turn on it is immune to the effects of the battlefield's rising **Heat Level**. This action deals no damage but creates a vital sanctuary in an otherwise lethal environment.

Daemonic Challenge

- **Zone:** Any Zone
- **Action:** A unit issues a direct challenge to the spirit within the shell.





Check: Make a difficult **Clout** check (TN 9+).

- **Effect on Success:** The enraged daemon forces the Behemoth to recklessly expose its Ashen-Heart for one round. The challenging unit automatically becomes the target of the next **Shard Volley** action.



Overheard in The Pub: "The weirdest thing washed up at the Docks last week. A perfectly preserved, ornate birdcage. But the thing inside wasn't a bird. It was a single, perfect, gilded gear that hums a sad little tune. The Alka-Haulers and the Chronosynths are in a quiet bidding war over it, each convinced it's a key component to some lost, utopian machine. Last I heard, the price was up to a king's ransom, all for a single, singing cog."





Items of Legend from The Sun Scorched Land



1. The Sun Scorched Greatblade

Some fool once tried to stab the Behemoth with a greatsword. The sword melted, but the beast's heart... it reforged the steel in its own image. This isn't a blade you sharpen; it's a piece of the sun you hold in your hands. It never cools, and the air shimmers around it. Most swings just cut deep and clean, but land a perfect blow? The blade remembers its birth, and unleashes a blinding flash of solar fire. It's a fine weapon, just be sure your mates aren't standing too close when you really put your shoulder into it.

- **Item Type:** Two-Handed Melee Weapon (Greatsword)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Heft, +1 Impact (Base & Crit)
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Two-Handed:** This fighter cannot equip a shield.
 - **Solar Flare:** When this weapon scores a critical hit, all other fighters (friend and foe) within 3" of the target suffer 1 fire damage as the blade releases a burst of solar energy.





2. The Shard of the Ashen-Heart

When you finally shattered the Behemoth's core, this little beauty is what was left. It's a splinter of the daemon's own hateful heart, a sliver of obsidian that still burns with a furious, inner light. It's not a brawler's weapon; it's an assassin's tool. It doesn't just cut. It finds the weak points, slipping between the plates of the heaviest armour as if they were leather. And the wound it leaves... it doesn't just bleed. It boils. The shard superheats the very blood in a man's veins, cooking him from the inside out. A nasty, personal way to go.

- **Item Type:** Melee Weapon (Dagger)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Flurry
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Heart-Seeker:** This weapon's attacks gain the **Armour Piercing** special rule (they ignore the target's bonus to Grit from shields).
 - **Volcanic Veins:** On a critical hit, the target suffers an additional D3 fire damage at the end of the round as the shard superheats their blood.



3. The Obsidian Carapace

You're not just wearing armour, friend. You're wearing a piece of a walking volcano. This is the Behemoth's own hide, great plates of obsidian glass forged in a cataclysm and cooled over a thousand years. It's heavy, clumsy stuff, sure, but it has a strange hunger. Where a normal suit of steel would melt, this carapace... it drinks the fire. It remembers the furnace that made it and draws strength from the heat. A sorcerer's fire-blast or a river of magma becomes a soothing balm to the one brave enough to wear the heart of the furnace on their back.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Heavy Plate)
- **Effect on Stats:** +3 Grit, -1 Footwork
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Cumbersome:** The wearer cannot take a second move action in the same activation.
 - **Heat-Eater:** The first time each battle the wearer would suffer damage from a fire-based attack or a hazardous terrain feature with the "fire" keyword, they may ignore that damage and instead heal D3 wounds.





4. The Golem's Visage

There was a daemon trapped in that glass shell, a thing of pure, hateful rage. When you shattered the body, a piece of that rage was left behind, trapped in this helm. You put it on, and you can feel it looking out through your own eyes. It's not just a helmet; it's a statement. Folk take one look at the burning, malevolent eyes of this thing and their courage just... evaporates. They'll falter, their swing will go wide. It's hard to fight a warrior when you can feel the soul of a monster staring right back at you.

- **Item Type:** Armour (Helmet)
- **Effect on Stats:** +1 Grit, +1 Clout
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Daemonic Gaze:** The wearer gains the **Unstoppable** special rule (cannot be moved by enemy abilities like **Shove** and cannot be knocked **Prone**) and cannot be under the effects of more than one "negative" spell per battle round. Whenever a new negative spell is cast that affects the wearer, the previous negative spell's effects disappear.





5. The Sun Stone

The Wastes are a place of lies and reflections. This stone is the worst of it, bottled. It's a chunk of crystal that has absorbed a thousand years of the desert's relentless, blinding sun. It doesn't glow so much as it holds a promise of light. Hold it up, speak the right words, and it unleashes all that stored-up glare in a single, blinding flash. For a moment, your enemy isn't just blinded; they're staring into the heart of the sun itself. By the time their vision clears, the fight is usually over. A simple, cruel, and very effective trick.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** None
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Blinding Glare:** Once per battle, the wielder can use an action to unleash a blinding flash of light. Choose one enemy fighter within 9". That fighter is **Blinded** and cannot make any attack actions during their next activation. At the end of their next activation, they lose the negative effect.



6. The Ever-Burning Ember

A small piece of the Ashen-Heart, but it still remembers what it was. This ember is a tiny, portable furnace, a piece of the Perpetual's own unending fire. It's warm to the touch, and it pulses with a slow, steady rhythm, like a sleeping heart. Most of the time, it's just a comforting light in the dark. But when you're facing a fire-drake or a sorcerer with a love for flames, you give this little rock a squeeze. For a moment, you and your crew share the Behemoth's own nature, and the fire just... parts around you. It remembers its master.

- **Item Type:** Miscellaneous Gear
- **Effect on Stats:** None
- **Special Rules:**
 - **Heart of the Furnace (Triple):** Giving the Ember a cheeky squeeze results in the wielder and all friendly fighters within 3" of them being immune to all fire-based damage until the end of the round.





Bartholomew Buttercup's Bespoke Excursions Presents: The Chamuscado Glass Wastes!

Are you a traveller of true distinction? Has the predictable world of soft earth and gentle breezes lost its lustre? Do you yearn for a destination that is not merely seen, but is viscerally *experienced*? Then I, Bartholomew 'Barty' Buttercup, have the supreme honour of unveiling our most exclusive, most breathtaking, and most character-building bespoke excursion yet: a journey into the shimmering, sun-drenched splendour of the Chamuscado Glass Wastes!

Forget everything you think you know about deserts. This is not a barren wasteland; it is the world's largest and most magnificent art installation, a masterpiece sculpted by a magical apocalypse! Imagine a landscape flash-forged by the gods themselves, a vast, undulating sea of diamonds where a once-lush jungle was transformed into a shimmering expanse of natural volcanic glass. Every surface glitters, every vista is a masterpiece of light and reflection, and the very ground beneath your feet is an intricate, artisanal mosaic of razor-sharp obsidian. It is, without exaggeration, a walker's paradise!

The Cham is a place of profound beauty and invigorating challenges. The sun itself provides a complimentary, day-long light show of dazzling intensity, offering what our wellness experts call a "total immersion sauna experience". The air is crisp, dry, and so clear that it creates the most delightful mirages, providing a constant and engaging test of one's perception. You won't just be a tourist here; you will be a participant in a grand, beautiful illusion!

And the local residents are simply unforgettable! You will have the opportunity to observe magnificent, ambulatory landforms like the Sun Fused Glassback, a gentle giant whose crystalline shell is a living monument to patience. Look to the skies and you may be treated to a private aerobatic display by the Glassen Wing Vulture, an attentive aerial guide whose obsidian feathers glint beautifully in the sun. The region is simply teeming with welcoming committees eager to make your acquaintance.

(Please note: The local fauna are exceptionally passionate about interactive performance art. A resident artist known as the Shard-Hopper, for instance, is known to provide a particularly surprising and energetic welcome that will truly get your heart racing! We find that a brisk, unplanned jog is the most appropriate gesture of appreciation for its craft.)

This bespoke package includes a number of curated activities. You will learn the ancient art of "light-focusing" using the naturally formed Sunken Lenses, allowing you to channel the sun's revitalising energy for a moment of unparalleled personal warmth. You will also be granted an authentic cultural exchange with the region's most esteemed inhabitants, the Doku-ya Juy'ata, who are local experts in thrilling games of chance and probability.

So, why settle for a mere holiday when you can secure a legend? A story etched in shimmering glass and sun-drenched memories! Forget your worries, embrace the breathtaking beauty, and let the wastes show you what it truly means to feel every single, exhilarating moment.

Contact Bartholomew Buttercup's office today to book your life-altering excursion. Adventure, with brilliant, cutting edge, awaits!

